

Good Morning 486

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



L. Sig. Bert Cheale's Little Brown Jug

"HOPE it won't be long before Bert can celebrate in Wally's," said your Mother, L/Sig. Bert Cheale, when we called at 1. Toronto Terrace, Brighton. "They are reserving a special jug for some wallop for him."

Uncle Tom is staying with Mum for a month, but he had

gone to Rottingdean the day we called. There were, however, two women visitors from London—they had evacuated from one of the doodle-bug target areas of London. Possibly they've returned by now.

Dad and Mum, Eva and Beverly are all fit—and oh yes—the cat's just had five kittens.



Forge Cottage Hails A.B. Ted Bean

REMEMBER, Ted, the huge chest of drawers at Forge Cottage, Wattisfield, Diss, that you repaired? We found your Mother very busy emptying everything out because they had come apart again.

This time Kay Jeffrey is taking on the job—just to show a "handy-man sailor" how a real job of work should be done. All the same, both your Mum and Dad wish you were home to have another go at the job.

All are well at home, and so are sister Annie and cousin Elsie, who is here for a quiet rest, after anything but quiet

in her home town—you know where that is.

Mother sends her love and hopes you get her weekly letters—and papers, and she wants to see this one, so save it. ("Good Morning" will send her a copy, anyway.) Annie's message was "love, and keep smiling."

All very pleased with the photograph, which arrived on September 16—general

opinion is that you've filled out a lot. Dad wants to know what they feed you on.

George was home recently, he has gone on important business. Can you guess?

One more item of home news—sugar beet, and don't pull Dad's leg. It's quite a good crop, and Bill Goodwin and Dad are hard at work lifting it. So you see it isn't a joke after all.

W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger"

THESE BLACKS SET PARIS FIGHTING



Jeannette



Sam McVea

AFTER the sportsmen gathered in The Jolly Roger had drunk a toast to the rehabilitation of France, it was only to be expected that the conversation would turn on the possibility of a resumption of sport across the Channel directly the country had begun to settle down.

"I'm afraid it will be a long time before the French people will be able to enjoy first-class horse-racing," said Paddy. "The thieving Huns stole all the thoroughbreds they could lay hands on as soon as they had installed themselves in France. I'm told that they sent all the racehorses to Germany before they started stealing art treasures and furniture."

"Our Turf authorities did what they could to offset this by erasing the names from the Stud Book of all the stallions they had stolen, which, of course, was little enough, but they could not do more."

"You bet they will all be dead meat before we can get into Germany to make them disgorge their loot," said Bernard. "Of course, there is a distinct shortage of thoroughbred stock in this country, but, in spite of this, I guess something will be done to help the French breeders by providing them with fresh bloodstock."

"If they cannot have racing immediately, that does not mean that they need to go without sport altogether," put in Nat Wilson. "I'll bet our boys will help them to put on some international boxing contests, as well as arranging some football matches before long. The French have taken keenly to sport of recent years and they will be glad to start again. There's nothing like sport to take the minds of the people off turbulent politics."

"You may be sure," said the guv'nor, "that General de Gaulle and his helpers will be delighted to see the young Frenchmen exchanging their shooting irons for boxing gloves. He has already told them that they must now get

down to work. Quite right, too. But it will be as well to cater for their wants in the sporting line. That is one side that should not be overlooked."

"It is remarkable," said Nat, "how the French have taken to boxing. Before the war, boxing was in a more flourishing state than it was in this country. I guess it won't be long before they get going again as strong as ever. I can recall the time when you could count the native French boxers on one hand. Yet, a few years ago I'll wager they had more than twice the number of professionals we had."

"It was our boxers who taught them," said Bernard. "That's true," agreed Nat. "But as soon as boxing began to draw big crowds the Americans made a bee line for Paris. Many of the Yanks remained quite a long time, and some of the coloured boxers, in particular, settled down in Paris."

"That was the time when there were so many coloured boxers in Paris," said Bernard, "that they could run all-black shows. In any other part of the world it would be asking for a small 'house' to put two coloured boxers together for the big attraction, but in Paris it was the biggest draw they could stage. The ugliest negro I had ever seen was the idol of Paris for several years. That was Sam McVea, but, believe me, Sam could certainly fight. At the same time there was Joe Jeannette, who was so splendidly proportioned that many famous sculptors begged him to step into their studios. He was like a bronze statue to look at, and he was as good as his looks. Joe was one of the most likeable negroes I ever knew."

"And he was one of the cleanest fighters, too," said Nat. "I think if they were all like Jeannette there would never be any objections raised against coloured boxers."

"I think that goes for McVea and Langford, and several more of the top-notchers. They always conducted themselves like good sportsmen in the ring," said Bernard.

"McVea and Langford. What a pair!" said the guv'nor. "They used to put up such wonderfully thrilling fights that they were always in demand. They fought each other fourteen times, and met in various parts of the world. Langford also fought Jeannette almost as many times. To give these great blacks their due, I think it is only right to say that they did more than anybody to popularise glove fights in Paris."

cashed in on their success," said Nat. "I can recall one mild swindle worked on the French public. It was when Jack Johnson held the world's heavy-weight title. Jack was at that time basking in the warmth of popularity in Australia, and a smart Alex of a Yankee manager took a big negro to France to pass off as the world's champion."

"They had a brass band to meet him and all went well until the cables began to burn between Australia and Europe. The manager then explained that the French had made quite an innocent mistake. His man was Jim Johnson, not Jack, and although he did not actually hold the world's title, he really would do so directly the other Johnson would give him a fight."

"Yes, I remember several similar swindles in the old days," said Bernard, "but it was not long before the French became fight-wise and the shifty ones were warned off."

"The French boxers became remarkably proficient," said the guv'nor, "because, in addition to what they had learned from their English tutors, they had these coloured stars to study in the flesh. They cleverly combined the English and American styles, and proved pretty formidable boxers."

"One of the best welter-weights," Willie Lewis, remained in Paris for several years," said Nat. "He was a brainy fighter, and to see him out of the ring you would never have taken him to be a boxer. It was always the best hotels for Willie, and every night you would find him in immaculate evening dress looking like a millionaire's son."

"Once when I went over to Paris with a boxer who was appearing on an Anglo-French bill, Lewis was the top-line attraction in a contest with my old friend, Pat O'Keefe. You remember how Pat always had a bulge round his waist-line which, to anyone who didn't know him, made it appear as if he had slacked in his training. It was natural to him, and he never neglected his training as long as he was a boxer."

"Well, Pat was sitting in his dressing-room waiting for his fight to come on, when in strolled a bright-looking gentleman in a dress suit that looked as if it had just been delivered from Savile Row. He made for Pat and shook his head. Then he pointed to Pat's corporation, and said, 'My word, you do look fat about the tummy. That's bad. This fellow you're meeting is an awful body puncher, and he's sure to lick you.'"

"What did Pat say to that?" asked the guv'nor.

"For the first time that I ever knew Pat was speechless. Of course, I was doubled up with laughter. 'What the hell are you laughing at?' asked Pat, after the visitor had gently closed the door. 'Why, don't you know?' I said. 'That's the bloke you're fighting!' Pat nearly exploded. He let out a shrill yell, and said, 'The cheeky basket. I'll knock his block off when I get him in the ring.'"

"And did he?" asked Bernard. "Not exactly," answered Nat. "I went in Pat's corner and, knowing how he felt, I advised him to be careful. He was a bit too careful. At the back of his mind he had the remark made by Lewis that he was an awful body puncher. Pat

guarded his body for all he was worth, but he left his chin uncovered. Lewis feinted with his left in the direction of Pat's pronounced tummy, then in a flash sent over a right hook to the chin and out went Pat."

"Well, it's all in the game," said Bernard. "Boxing is largely a battle of wits, like bookmaking. I wonder where Willie Lewis is now."

"He keeps a smart hotel in New York," said the guv'nor, "and is still a lively, humorous piece of humanity. Then there is Frank Klaus, who was also a popular figure in Paris at about the same time as Lewis. He had a fine hotel in Pittsburgh, and when I last saw him he was so disgusted with the form of the so-called champions that he offered to wager that he could come back and lick the lot."

"Oh, he was a great fighter beyond any doubt," said Nat.

Odd-But True

For a sum that might range anywhere up to £1,000, any man could buy a commission in the British Army until 1871.

Early in 1915, when U-boat sinkings were threatening Britain with starvation, the scheme was tried by the Admiralty of training sea-lions in the work of detection. The experiment was not a success.

"and, do you know, he won most of his fights by clever body-punching? When he had retired I asked him how he used to manage it and he told me it was quite a simple trick."

"He explained that it was useless to bash at a fellow's ribs when infighting, because all boxers develop a kind of armour-plating of muscle, and can take wallops without effect by instantly contracting the muscles. He found that by getting in close, and sending a little upward jab to the chin he could make his opponent lift his head and so momentarily flex his abdominal muscles. This was the instant he drove in his punch to the solar plexus, and that was how he won many of his fights."

"Didn't he beat Carpentier?" asked Bernard.

"Yes," answered Nat, "and it was when Carpentier was really at his best, before the last war. It was a terrific fight, and Carpentier took a tremendous amount of punishment before he was beaten in the 19th round."

"Well, we shall have to call this the twentieth round and shout 'Time' for to-night," said the guv'nor.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

TWIN MOUNTAINS—

like a woman's breasts

AS soon as we were all well awake we fell to discussing the situation, which was serious enough. Not a drop of water was left. We turned the water-bottles upside down, and licked the tops, but it was a failure, they were as dry as a bone.

"If we can trust to the old Dom's map there should be some about," I said.

Meanwhile Ventvogel was lifting his snub nose, and sniffing the hot air for all the world like an old Impala ram who scents danger. Presently he spoke.

"I smell water," he said.

Just at that moment the sun came up gloriously and revealed so grand a sight to our astonished eyes that for a moment or two we even forgot our thirst.

There, straight before us, were two enormous mountains, shaped exactly like a woman's breasts. Their bases swelled gently up from the plain, looking at that distance perfectly round and smooth; and on the top of each was a vast round hillock covered with snow corresponding to the nipple on the female breast. The stretch of cliff which connected them appeared to be some thousand feet in height, and perfectly precipitous and on each side of them, as far as the eye could reach, extended similar lines of cliff.

For a while the morning lights played upon the snow and the

brown and swelling masses beneath, and then strange mists and clouds gathered and increased around them, till presently we could only trace their pure and gigantic outline swelling ghostlike through the fleecy envelope.

The mountains had scarcely vanished into cloud-clad privacy before our thirst—literally a burning question reasserted itself.

"You are a fool," I said angrily to Ventvogel; "there is no water."

But still he lifted his ugly snub nose and sniffed.

"I smell it, Baas" (master), he answered; "it is somewhere in the air."

Sir Henry stroked his yellow beard thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is on the top of the hill," he suggested.

"Rot," said Good; "whoever heard of water being found on the top of a hill!"

"Let us go and look," I put in, and hopelessly enough we scrambled up the sandy sides of the hillock, Umbopa leading. Presently he stopped as though he was petrified.

All that day we rested there by the water.

Having filled both ourselves and our water-bottles we started off again with the moon. That night we covered nearly five-and-twenty miles.

By eleven o'clock the following day, we were utterly exhausted.

A few hundred yards above us were some large lumps of lava, and towards these we steered with the intention of lying down beneath their shade. We reached them, and to our surprise, so far as we had a capacity for surprise



"Nanzia manzie! (here is water), Umbopa cried out, and we all rushed the sand koppie to him."

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

Ventvogel, sitting there amongst us stone dead.

He had died when I heard him sigh, and was now almost frozen stiff. Shocked beyond measure we dragged ourselves from the corpse, and left it still sitting there, with its arms clasped round its knees.

By this time the sunlight was pouring straight in at the mouth of the cave. Suddenly I heard an exclamation of fear from someone and turned my head down the cave.

And this was what I saw. Sitting at the end of it, for it was not more than twenty feet long, was another form, of which the head rested on the chest and the long arms hung down. I stared at it, and saw that it too was a dead man, and what was more a white man.

(To be continued)

we get food this will be our last day's journey. Good, Sir Henry, and Umbopa bear up wonderfully, but Ventvogel is in a very bad way. Like most Hottentots, he cannot stand cold. God help us, I fear our time has come.

All that day we struggled slowly on up the incline of snow, lying down from time to time to rest. We did not do more than seven miles that day. Just before sunset we found ourselves right under the nipple of Sheba's left breast, which towered up thousands of feet into the air above us, a vast smooth hillock of frozen snow.

"I say," gasped Good, presently, "we ought to be somewhere near the cave the old gentleman wrote about."

"Yes," said I, "if there is a cave."

Cave of Death

"Come, Quatermain," groaned Sir Henry, "don't talk like that; I have every faith in the Dom; remember the water; we shall find the place soon."

"If we don't find it before dark we are dead men, that is all about it," was my consolatory reply.

Suddenly Umbopa caught me by the arm.

"Look!" he said, pointing towards the springing slope of the nipple.

I followed his glance, and perceived some two hundred yards from us what appeared to be a hole in the snow.

"It is the cave," said Umbopa.

We made the best of our way to the spot, and found sure enough that the hole was the mouth of a cave, no doubt the same as that of which da Silvestra wrote. We were none too soon, for just as we reached shelter the sun went down with startling rapidity, leaving the whole place nearly dark.

We crept into the cave, and huddling ourselves together for warmth, swallowed what remained of our brandy—barely a mouthful each—and tried to forget our miseries in sleep. But this the cold was too intense to allow us to do.

In vain did we huddle up closer and closer; there was no warmth in our miserable starved carcasses.

Not very long before dawn I heard the Hottentot Ventvogel, whose teeth had been chattering all night like castanets, give a deep sigh and then his teeth stopped chattering. I did not think any thing of it at the time, concluding that he had gone to sleep. His back was resting against mine, and it seemed to grow colder and colder, till at last it was like ice.

At length the air began to grow grey with light, then swift golden arrows came flashing across the snow, and at last the glorious sun peeped up above the lava wall and looked in upon our half-frozen forms and upon

WANGLING WORDS—425

1. Insert eight consonants in *E*E***E*E*, and make a common word.
2. Rearrange the letters of: NEAR LAS, and BY ME WEL, and get two famous playing fields.
3. In the following geometrical shapes the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 258164, 796734, 581D6931T4613, 4339P24.
4. Find the hidden aircraft in: The way to smooth oak is to rasp it; fir, elm and beech should be planed.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 424

1. PlaneT.
2. GLOUCESTER, MAIDSTONE, NEWCASTLE.
3. Southey. Burns. Yeates. Herrick, Brooke.
4. A-run-Del, Ches-ter.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 9

1. How many ways can you think of in which granite and chalk differ from one another?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Beer, Ale, Stout, Shandy-gaff, Cider, Perry.
3. When May said "Leaf," Betty said "Sea." What word linked the two ideas in Betty's mind?
4. A water-lily in a pond grows so quickly that it doubles its size every day. If it takes fifty days to cover the pond entirely, how long does it take to cover half the pond? (Answers in No. 487).

Answers to Test No. 8.

1. Short.
2. Crown-cap cannot be used again; others can.
3. Dough.
4. 11 days.

QUIZ for today

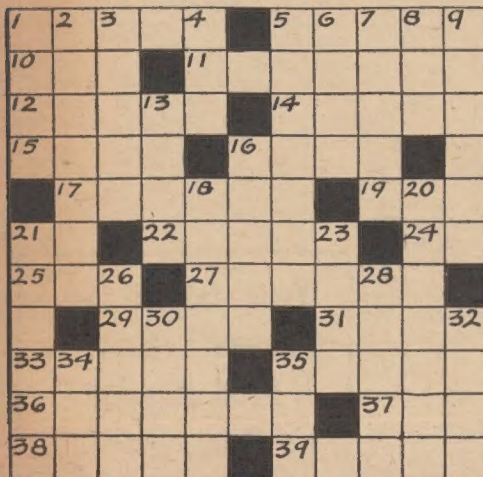
1. A kaki is a bird, fish, fruit, snake, deer, insect?
2. What is the correct name for a group of (a) toads, (b) flies?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? (a) Floy, (b) Tibbie, (c) Polly.
4. How many drones are there on a bagpipe?
5. What and where is the Matto Grosso?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Phosphorus, Philosopher, Prevarricate, Pollyanthus, Pantehnicon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 485

1. Measure of coal.
2. (a) Lawrence, (b) Robert, (c) Roger.
3. (a) Cast, (b) Desert.
4. Metra.
5. Nova Scotia.
6. Deodorise, Humourist, Humiliate.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Gay fellow. 5 South African province.



- 10 Drag along.
- 11 Fancy.
- 12 Antelope.
- 14 Legal breaches.
- 15 Big fish.
- 16 Very big.
- 17 Hard question.
- 19 Female animal.
- 21 Note of music.
- 22 Mountain ash.
- 24 Take place.
- 25 Card.
- 27 Fruit.
- 29 Old.
- 31 Diplomacy.
- 33 English.
- 35 Stage show.
- 36 Put out of order.
- 37 Remain.
- 38 Vegetable.
- 39 Whimpers.

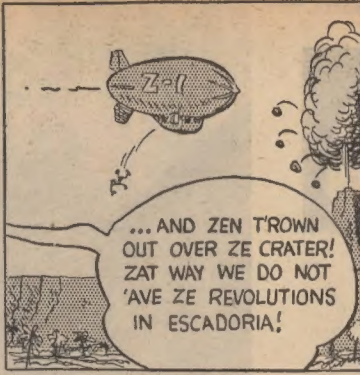
FLAN CHASMS
REFEREE NIP
IDLE ANGOLA
S ODDS ABET
KEA REAL S
Y THE CAP D
I EWER ODE
AREA NEST F
MALLETT LATE
ITS ERRATIC
DEEPLY POET

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Football.
 - 2 Expedient.
 - 3 Vigilant.
 - 4 Young animal.
 - 5 Normal.
 - 6 Eager.
 - 7 Weary.
 - 8 Insect.
 - 9 Tenant.
 - 13 Approaching.
 - 16 Chopped.
 - 18 A person.
 - 20 Dim.
 - 21 Vegetable dishes.
 - 23 Observe.
 - 26 Tidal wave.
 - 28 Of ships.
 - 30 Joyful.
 - 32 North country river.
 - 34 Fresh.
 - 35 Ooded fabric.

JANE



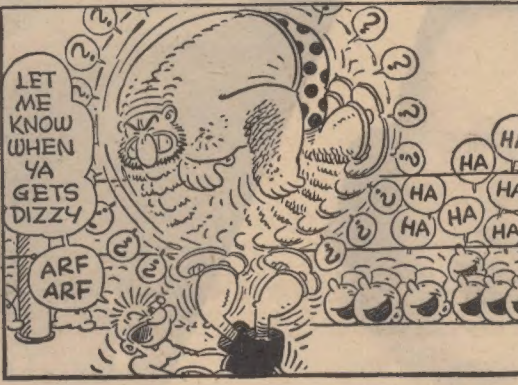
BEELZEBUB JONES



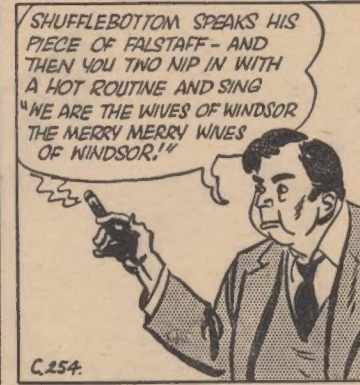
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Girls' Bit

By Dick Gordon

FOR more than three years now Britain's picture-show girls on parade, cine-girls on active service with E.N.S.A., have been flashing the favourite film stars of the boys in battle-dress, Air Force and Navy blue on to silver screens in camps, barracks, on gun-sites, and at aerodromes and naval shore bases at home and abroad.

Way back in November, 1940, budding girl cinematograph operators from all walks of life—typists, musicians, school teachers, shop assistants, cashiers, clerks, factory-hands, milk-women, and cinemausherettes—trooped into the famous Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, which, when war broke out, became H.Q. of a colossal entertainment offensive which now fires millions of "shots" of the canned celluloid kind, not to mention 2,000 "live" show salvoes a week, at a cost of £50,000 a month; paid out of N.A.A.F.I. profits.

In the first twelve months of the war E.N.S.A. sponsored 1,400 cinema shows—including some in the Maginot Line—entertaining a total of 1,500,000 troops.

During a visit to the school, where girls are made in a matter of seven weeks' highly concentrated training into proficient cine-projectionists, I stood in the film room watching pretty, red-headed Valerie Mason, who not so long ago sold lingerie in a Sunderland shop, examining a film for flaws.

Merry, dark-eyed Joan Rogers, former Wolverhampton waitress, was learning the correct way to join a broken film, and learning, too, how to do the job in a hurry, because, as it was being explained, "If Clark Gable or Bob Taylor were about to go into a clinch with the girl of their respective hearts when the film broke, would you like to be kept waiting a second longer than necessary while some unseen operator took her time restoring the screening?"

Blonde Betty Williams, pre-war Scarborough stenographer, was busily rewinding a strip of celluloid for the next practice showing, while Molly McDermid, former Edinburgh usherette, was dexterously "spooling-off"—namely, winding the film off a spool or roll on to a small hub for despatch purposes.

Talk to these cheery girls (who, before they came to the "cinema college," invariably used to send for a man to mend a fuse), and you are surprised to discover how much they now know about the job in general and electricity in particular. That speaks well for the expert instruction they receive and the intelligent enthusiasm with which they tackle their training.

It's hard work. There are lectures morning and afternoon, plus "prep" and "swotting" in the evening. Little time is left for recreation. But they are all happy at their work. Grumbles are nil.

For the girls find the occupation not only fascinating but well paid. During training each girl gets £2 15s. a week, plus a subsidy if her expenses are over 30s. a week. Passed out as fully-fledged second-projectionists, they earn £3 10s., rising to £4 10s. a week. All the girls aim to become chief projectionists, earn £6 a week, and have their own Service cinema.

Following theoretical classes and simple, practical instruction, the students go to the actual projection booth, where an expert operator-instructor initiates the girls into the mechanical mysteries and marvels of the cine-projector itself.

Ask blonde Betty Williams the most thrilling moment of her life since she started training, and she'll laughingly recall the day she was showing a newsreel when a familiar voice behind her drawled, "Say, kids, don't ask for my autograph! I'm not Bing Crosby..."

"When I saw Bop Hope in person, standing there," Betty confessed, "you could have knocked me down with a feather!"

The girls go to all the Service dances. Many are made honorary members of the Officers' or Sergeants' Messes. You can be sure they have a grand time.

Alex Cracks

Salesman: "The machine will cut your work in half."

Customer: "Then give me two of them."

The flapper shop assistant, who told a customer that she could take off five per cent., just about gauged the limit. Any more and she would have been arrested.

Big Business Man: "Can't you read? The sign on that door says 'Private.'"

Traveller: "I know—and I'm glad it's there. If there's anything I hate it's being interrupted when I'm talking to a prospective buyer."

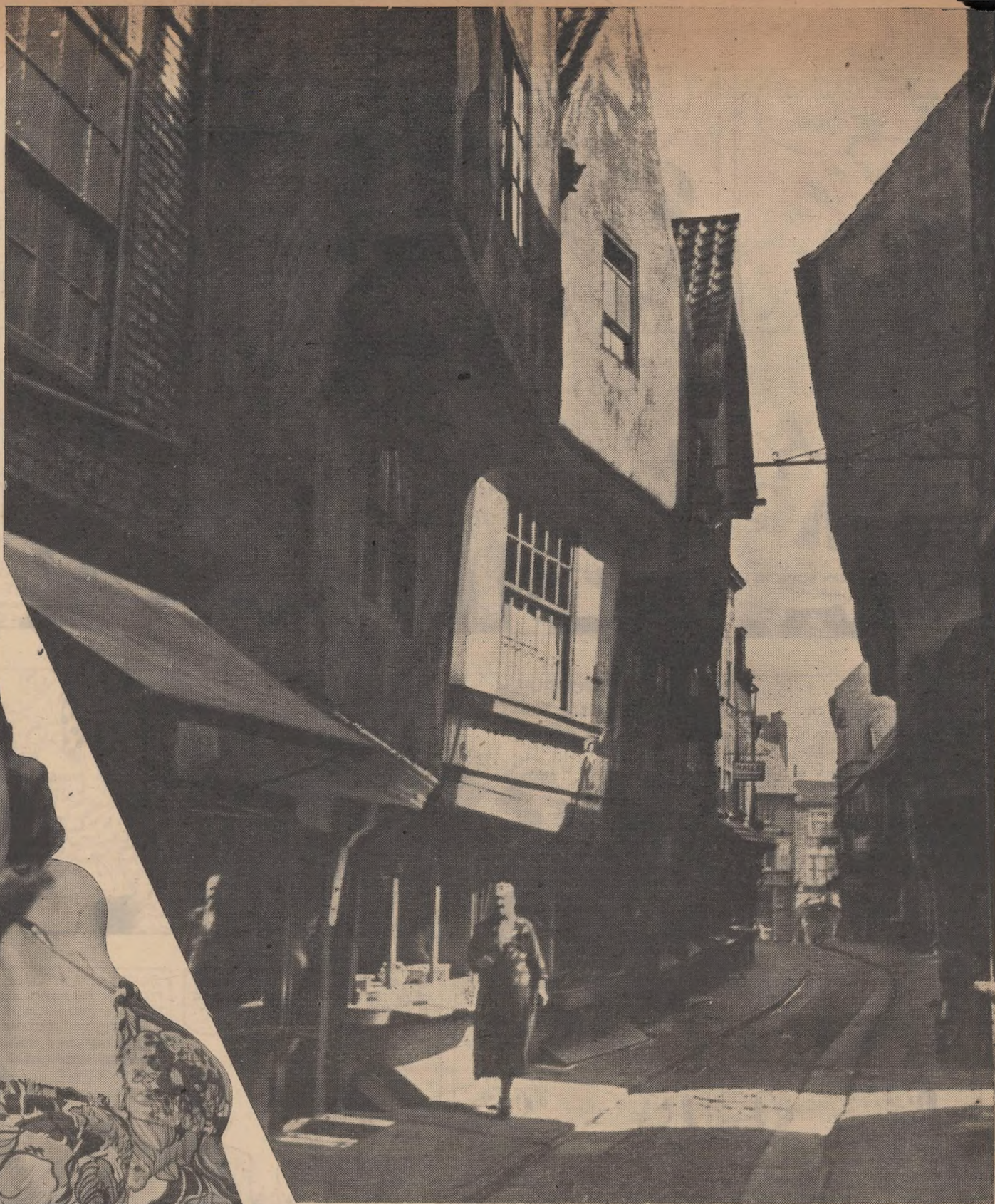
The woman entered the little general shop and for over three minutes she searched about among the goods. At last she turned to the waiting shopkeeper.

"Have you something good for moths?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the shopkeeper wearily. "Socks, scarves and pullovers are all good for moths."

Good Morning

"A word in your ear, young fellow-me-lad. If you want my company on your walks, see that we go where there are plenty of lamp-posts."



This England

For some inscrutable reason this lovely city by-lane is known as "The Shambles." And you don't need to tell a Yorkshireman that it is to be found in his lovely city, York.



"And, now, the class will take Nature Study. Joan Leslie, Warner Bros.' star, raises an interesting botanical speculation with the play-suit she is wearing. Hands up, who thinks they're anemones. What! You hadn't noticed any flowers? Wherever are your eyes!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Nature-Study in the raw, he means."

